

THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship, Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

OLD SERIES. VOL. 34.

CHICAGO, AUGUST 20, 1896.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 3.

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Cardinal Principles of the Young People's Religious Union.

TRUTH.

"Revelation is not sealed:
Answering unto man's endeavor,
Truth and right are still revealed."
S. Longfellow.

WORSHIP.

"What are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer."
Tennyson.

SERVICE.

"Heaven's gate is shut to him who comes alone:
Save thou a soul, and it shall save thine own."
Whittier.

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THE NEW UNITY,

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THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME III.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1896.

NUMBER 25.



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all

these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

*The empty band thrown impotently out
Were sooner caught, I think, by One in heaven,
Than many a band that reaped a harvest in
And keeps the scythe's glow on it.*

—E. B. Browning.

The name of Miss Alfard, a nurse in Kimberly, South Africa, deserves to shine along with the names of other heroic women on the roll of honor. She was sent to attend a case of pneumonia in Bechnanaland, but on arriving there found herself in the midst of a small-pox epidemic. No competent help was available, so she started a hospital on a rough plan. Two hundred natives and twenty white patients were nursed back to health, with a loss of only one woman and two children.

Many of our readers will be interested in the following lines, placed on the monument of one whom the older readers of UNITY knew well, and loved much, the Rev. John L. Dudley, so well remembered as the eminent pastor of Plymouth Church, Milwaukee. The lines were composed by his widow, Mrs. Marion V. Dudley and inscribed on the monument in the ancestral graveyard of Andover, N. H.:

I saw a shadow fading out where light sought light in greeting,
A veil dissolved between two worlds where this and that were meeting;
My ear touched silence where the song of ocean ceased its moaning;
'Twas only where the sea beyond began its deep intoning.
Thus paints and sings for thee, O soul, life's sad, exultant story,
The veil dissolves, the music dies, but after that the glory.

A recent number of the *North-Western Advocate*, speaking of the self-sacrifice of the Methodist ministry in money ways, speaks of "a venerable itinerant who surrendered his horse that the proceeds might wrench the church building from insistent creditors, his fam-

ily contenting itself with the very plainest fare for a long time, so that the deficiency might be made good," and then it goes on to comment by saying "that at that very time there were comfortable people in the church who might have paid the debt without personal inconvenience or self-denial." This is a single illustration of what is practiced over and over again in the life of every faithful minister. The worst part of the transaction is not noted by our Methodist editor. The "comfortable people" mentioned above will either think that the horse was the reasonable duty of the preacher, though, beyond all question outside the range of any claims upon them, or proud of their business ability, they will call the minister a fool for doing it and set up a standard of morals which will condemn such action. Meanwhile, they will enjoy the church thus saved, pronounce it "too important an institution to let die." Is there a law of life for the business man and another for a minister? Is the capitalist relieved from the hard law of self-sacrifice and has he a right to expect ideas and institutions important to him and necessary to his children, to be maintained without his ever having to cross over into the line of self-denial and financial anxiety? The need of the world to-day is to find men of means who believe in ideas enough to make them a primary source of their investment. Put the circuit rider's self-sacrifice into the millionaire's heart. Let the man of wealth simply do his share and stand with the poor man in his self-denial, and then good causes will not languish and great interests will not die.

We are in receipt of a circular proof sheet, containing a timely article from the pen of our frequent contributor, Charles H. Williams of Baraboo, Wis., entitled, "the Injustice and Tyranny of Strikes and Boycotts." We wish it might be widely read, for it is the sane word of a man large enough to see both sides, and one who can speak rightly for both sides, for through a long and successful life, he has been both laborer and employer of labor. The chief point made in the article is that it is an unjust because an untrue division of society that puts the capitalist *versus* the laborer. "Labor Unions," he says, "have become a part of the economic machinery of the people." But that cannot make permanent the distinction they draw. Mr. Williams holds the influential professional class, doctors, lawyers, teachers, etc., responsible for the wide prevalence of these unwholesome conclusions. His word concerning the duties of ministers, in the matter in question, is particularly timely. We are glad to make his words our own in this editorial.

"The ministers of the various church organizations are another class having large influence. Are they not likewise absorbed in other duties and cares and neglecting their duties, as citizens, to their fellow citizens? Should they not in their influential positions

as ministers be more of citizens? Is not duty to the people and the nation a truly religious duty? Is it not the most important religious duty to teach the people their duty as citizens, dealing justly one toward another? Is it not their duty to arouse the first-named class of influential men, to a full and proper performance of their duties as citizens? Would it not be wise and judicious to leave from time to time the welfare of souls in the hereafter, to the All-Wise Father, devoting their entire activities for the time to the betterment of the people here, to the end that justice might prevail more fully among men."

As our readers will see in our "Extracts from Correspondents," the word that comes, just as we are sending off the last copy of this issue, that in all probability the Rev. Philip S. Moxom, the broad-minded pastor of the Congregational Church at Springfield, Mass., widely known as a leader of that phase of so-called "orthodoxy," which seeks to conserve the mighty inspiration of the Christian centuries, by eliminating the conceptions and interpretations that were for the time, and opposed to the later developments of science and the higher experience of the race, is to preach the opening sermon of the Indianapolis Congress. This of itself will make it an event that ought to secure a large attendance.

Young People's Religious Union.

We print this week, as frontispiece on our title-page, a fac simile of a card circulated by the Young People's Religious Union, a national organization perfected last May in Boston. This is a society conceived by and so far managed chiefly by pastors of Unitarian churches, acting in conjunction with the more or less clearly organized young people's organizations connected with their societies. But certainly in its preamble and constitution, as well as in the hearts and hopes of a large number of those interested in this organization, it is capable of wider expansion than the name Unitarian in its organic significance. It is competent to carry fellowship, inspiration and constructive instrumentalities wherever there is an effort on the part of young people to organize in the interests of the higher life of thought and morals outside of creed lines and denominational catch-words. We say "outside," but not necessarily antagonistic to creeds and to sects. We have already expressed in these columns our only doubt concerning the wisdom of this movement. It is found in the limiting word "young." That word, if it means anything, soon becomes more or less exclusive, those eligible to-day will some years hence outgrow their privileges, or at least outlive them, or else the word will be robbed of its meaning, and thus an indignity will be offered to the dignity of language, as is done over and over again in the "Y. M. C. A." organizations, with their gray-haired secretaries and venerable presidents. Barring this doubt, we have only cordial words of recognition and cheer to the new "Union." We hope this union will prove, indeed, a union of the organizations that now are found among the non-creedal movements, such as the Young Men's Hebrew Society, the Universalist Union, the societ-

ies, if such exist, in connection with the Friends' work, the spiritualist, theosophical, mental science and other truth-seeking organizations. We hope it is a model that will move the ostracized, but earnest young men and women in our colleges to seek the advantages of co-operation in the interest of the spiritual life. For the purpose of provoking interest and arousing thought on these lines, we reprint the preamble and first three articles of the constitution, which run as follows:

PREAMBLE.

We, holding liberal views in religion, and believing that organization is necessary to the most successful conduct of our common work, do hereby form a general confederation of guilds, Unity Clubs, and other similar societies, to be known as the "Young People's Religious Union," the cardinal principles of which shall be *truth, worship and service.*

ARTICLE 1. OBJECTS.

The objects of the Union shall be

- (a) To foster the religious life;
- (b) To bring the young people of our several churches into closer relations with one another; and
- (c) To spread rational views of religion, and to put into practice such principles of life and duty as tend to uplift mankind.

ARTICLE II. HOW CONSTITUTED.

The Union shall be composed of all those clubs and societies that are in sympathy with its principles and contribute annually to its treasury.

Every such club or society joining the National Union may retain its present name; and any new organization of young people shall be at liberty to select such local designation and draft such constitution as it may prefer.

ARTICLE III. MEMBERSHIP.

Upon written application the secretary shall place upon the membership list any young people's society already existing, or hereafter to be formed, which affirms its sympathy with the general objects of the Union and adopts its cardinal principles, provided that said society with its application forwards a contribution to the Union's treasury.

In further support of the above interpretation of the spirit and hope of this latest effort to organize liberal thought and feeling in religion, we are glad to print, with the permission of the writer, the following testimony from the president of the Union, found in a private letter to the editor of this paper:

My Dear Mr. Jones: Let me thank you for your letter of the 16th inst. I fully appreciate the good work you are doing through and by means of THE NEW UNITY, and my full sympathy is yours. In any way that I can, I will help on your enterprise. You are sufficiently well acquainted with a busy parish to know how many calls there are, many of them good ones, upon the time and money of a minister, and if, in the future I do not seem to co-operate as you think I ought, it is not from lack of interest or appreciation, but simply because nearer and more pressing duties take my time. Largely, you and I are trying to do the same kind of work. You are beginning with the churches. You hope to make Unitarian, Universalist, and Independent join together and co-operate on a higher level of union than their denomination organizations. I may lack faith, but my study of human nature makes me fear you will never succeed. I want to bring about the same kind of co-operation and union; I therefore start with the young people before they grow to love names more than things. I hope to see established in the next ten years a Young People's Religious Organization in every liberal church in the land, or if not that, at least a sympathy and working interest. These young people once fused together will not separate so widely when they are grown. Through the young then I hope to accomplish our mutual purpose. If then, you can

help give the new organization words of cheer and encouragement, you will be helping on—as I believe—that very cause which is so near and dear to your own heart. Remembering with pleasure your cordial hospitality in the month of May, when I was the guest of your church, I remain, with every good wish, Fraternally,
Brookline, Mass., June 24, 1896. THOM. VAN NESS.

We cordially reciprocate the frank fellowship expressed in the above note. Brother Van Ness, like the rest of us, is perhaps more successful in interpreting his own heart and hopes than that of others. Notwithstanding his kindly interpretation, his doubt is exactly our own; we, with him, have little hopes that existing denominational organizations, whether Unitarian, Universalist, Independent or Jewish, will materially change their organic bases or methods. Certainly we have no desire to see them attempt such a change from any *outside* pressure. If change comes it must come through a slowly developed consciousness of a better way and of a higher interest; in short, it must be a change from *within*. Our cry is to the unorganized liberals. Our concern is for the unoccupied fields. For such we believe there is this higher cause, a broader way of meeting, organizing and working under the inclusive banner, the good-inspiring synthesis indicated by the letter and, we believe, by the spirit of the writer also. Although we detect certain well-meaning anxiety to limit the inclusive words with some kind of a "Christian" pledge or "Christ" following commitment of the religious unions. Indeed, we can think of no more happy way to work for our dream than for President Van Ness and Secretary Sprague to send forth the word and the hand that will organize these unions far and wide in the creed-ridden and sect-riddled communities of the United States. When they are organized and at work and have felt their power and their opportunity, then if providentially they should omit or forget the indefinite and confusing adjective "young," we would like it all the better. Let us have more "Religious Unions," whose cardinal principles will be "Truth, Worship, Service," and let the poets, as on the card, interpret these words in terms intelligible to the heart as well as to the head, that thereby the cause for which THE NEW UNITY came into the world, and the interests for which it continues to struggle may be advanced. Thus will the Congress of Liberal Religion and Y. P. R. U. find themselves standing in common grounds, working for a common cause and sharing common burdens.

What They Say of the Indianapolis Conference.

Further words from the letter files of the General Secretary, concerning the coming Congress at Indianapolis, October 6, 7, 8:

Rev. O. P. Moorman, Eaton, Ohio:

"I will be at the Congress of Liberal Religion to be held in Indianapolis, next October. I wish you much success in the undertaking."

A layman from Elgin, Ill.:

"I assure you of my continued interest in the work in view. There is scarcely any other work in society which may accomplish the good for man which this Congress may. I will gladly contribute financially to its support, but the financial stress will necessitate a delay. I intend to be a life-member as soon as I am able."

From the President of the People's Church at Fond du Lac, Wis.:

"I hope to be able to accept the invitation for October. If I thought our society could be of help, I would feel it our duty to join you."

From the pastor of the same church:

"I may be able to go to Indianapolis, though I dare not promise. I am in perfect sympathy with the Liberal Congress work and will gladly do anything to increase the influence of the movement."

Rev. Carlton F. Brown, St. Cloud, Minn.:

"I am greatly attracted by the program of the coming Liberal Congress at Indianapolis. It is too early yet to know whether I can be there or not, but nothing would please me better."

Rev. David Philipson, Cincinnati, writing from Nantucket, R. I.:

"I shall gladly do all I can to further the interests of the Congress. It is my intention, if nothing intervenes to prevent, to attend the meetings in Indianapolis in October. With many wishes for the success of the work."

President John Bascom of Williams College, Williamstown, Mass.:

"Though I cannot render your effort in behalf of the union of religious societies much personal aid, I am not willing to pass it by without a word of sympathy, and this enclosure as a straightened expression of good-will."

Hon. Alvin Joiner, Esq., Polo, Ill.:

"I am making plans to attend the Indianapolis meeting. Let us all do our best at that meeting to enlarge the heart. I am afraid we have neglected the emotional part of our nature in our religious movement; we need some rich, warm blood in our logic."

Rev. P. R. Frothingham, New Bedford, Mass.:

"It is too early to give definite promise in regard to the Liberal Congress. I am interested—deeply so—I believe you are hitting the nail on the head, and driving more than one necessary truth."

Edwin D. Mead, editor of the *New England Magazine*:

"I should much like to come, I shall keep it in mind. What I should probably want to say would most naturally come under the fourth head, touching the bringing of religion in some vital and organic way upon political and industrial life."

E. C. Stedman's secretary writes:

"Mr. Stedman asks me to give his sincere thanks for your wish to have him with you in October, and to assure you of his full sympathy in the Congress. It would be a pleasure for him to take part in it, but in order that he may finish what he has already in mind, he must make no new engagements."

Rev. Heber Newton, New York:

"I think the Congress is settling down to its true work. The work will be a big one, if without waiting for the action of liberal organizations as such, the scattered organized liberal elements be looked after in the country where openings exist for a non-sectarian, independent organization. When this is done for a few years, it may prove the crystallizing center around which the present organization will settle."

Later from the same source:

"I have waited until this time, in hopes that I might see my way to accept the invitation to speak at the Congress, but I am constrained, most reluctantly, to ask you to excuse me this year for health reasons, with the hopes that I may be able to come another year."

Rev. Philip S. Moxom, writing from Braunscheig, Germany:

"Your letter followed me into Germany. I hesitate a little about making a positive engagement so far away from home, but I am inclined to say that I will preach the opening sermon as you desire. * * * I am most deeply interested in the present movement towards mutual understanding, consideration and sympathy. On the 19th of August I sail from Rotterdam and expect to be at home to occupy my pulpit September 6."

Rev. D. N. Beach, pastor of Plymouth Church, Minneapolis:

"I am in sympathy with your movement. I thank you for asking me to take part in the meeting, but for the immediate future, fidelity to duty requires my closest attention here, I must therefore deny myself the pleasure, for this time, but with the best wishes for the movement."

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid!"

"Our Little Brothers of the Air."

A SERMON PREACHED AT THE UNITARIAN CHURCH, ITHACA, N. Y.,
BY REV. J. M. SCOTT.

Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father.—Matt. x:29.

"A bird lover," in one of her books, has called them "Our Little Brothers of the Air." It is a name that expresses a fact, a fact which every kindly heart has felt, and in love for the birds has acknowledged.

Not sentiment alone, as our hearts stir to beauty at the vision and the hearkening unto the song of the birds, is this thought that these little ones of the air are our brothers. It is natural and social and ethical and spiritual fact. We are made of the same stuff as they. What is going on in and among them is going on in and among us. They have our graces and deformities; we have theirs. When I see a hawk kill a robin, satisfying its coarse greed upon one of the choir that hails the dawn, I see what goes on in the midst of men. The coarse and brutal prey upon the delicate and refined. There is greed and cruelty going on in our commerce, in our social relationships, to mate all the redness of the summer woods when beaks and claws do their work of the Lady Macbeth. If I see a vulture sailing the marshes, and dropping upon the carrion as unto some feast of joy, we find that there are human beings who love to regale themselves with moral putrefaction, to dwell upon the frailties of their kind, their gossip palates finding the very wine of life in such a feast. If there is mother-love, its sacrifice and its bravery; we find the same, heroic and tender, in many human lives. If we find sociability in flocks, we find it also in states. If one touch of human nature makes the whole world kin, and therefore, kind, then the many touches of our human nature in the birds ought to make them kin to us, and us to them most kind.

Some religious teachers say that birds are human thoughts; following a creative law they become winged and individual in their own life, giving the mind an outward basis to rest upon. With these teachers the human sphere transcends the earth-vision, and is all who live anywhere in God's universe. Believing that the evil and the good of our humanity live beyond these bounds of matter, a bird may be an angel's thought clothed in matter and coming into its own individual life; or, as well, it may be the thought of an evil spirit, coming into its own life by virtue of its investiture with matter. Also these teach that in the heavenly world, by this same creative law, more alive, more instantaneous, we see and enjoy our inmost thoughts, not simply as an inward meditation, but as outward manifestation, as birds all aflight and singing on blooming spray, glorifying a landscape that somehow in the very image and likeness of our characters is fashioned. The kinship between us and these little ones is indeed very real, very deep, and may be even as deep as these teachers say. I hope it may be deep enough, but different, so as to give me in some fine other world, not simply the dear old faces and friends, but the dear old flowers and birds, in some gracious, immortal youth.

It is a great gain to fine living to make friends of the birds. We will not be able, like Saint Francis, to talk with them in their own speech, telling them how the secret of creation is love; nor with Hiawatha, learning what they are saying and singing to each other; nor as Seigfried, will the touch of a slain dwarf's blood help us to hear their secrets that will make us wise. That is the sweet exaggeration of poetry, and yet we may help by our kindness to make the birds know what love is; and they in turn will give us many a word of love and life and hope, making creation to show itself a dearer and tenderer thing of

beauty and of joy. We will be disappointed often, that, while our hearts are full of tenderness for God's birds, and we would as soon do hurt to ourselves as to them, they will distrust us and fly from us affrighted. We may call to them, but they will not return, they will not understand our words of love. Only rare men, under rare circumstances, are able to make the birds know they are loved, enticing them to draw near and keep near without being afraid. We will have to get the joys of friendship from our little brothers of the air by indirection.

They live for the joy of living, seeking no other reward, and so, even as Jesus said, we should consider them, learning, as another has said, that a bird, whatever adversities come, has "a free mind." To live for the simple joys of life, this is to gain the harvest of the quiet eye, the treasures of a rich content. They sing for the joy of singing, and not for our applause. They sing their best for the very joy of life, and are not disheartened that no one chants their praise. Of course their mating songs are for *her* ear, their dress of beauty for *her* eye; but this is a part of themselves, the home part; there is no fretting after having the passing admiration of strangers. I think human life were richer and sweeter, with less of self-consciousness, with less of eagerness to gain what can never be used, to get rather than to give, to have the fret of vaulting ambitions that strain and tear the nerves of joy until they answer but pain for all the fingers that seek to play upon them. If just we were children, we would be in the kingdom of heaven, even in the heaven of content and joy the birds fly and sing. The charm of childhood is its unconsciousness of itself, as men are conscious of themselves. It is in the simple joy of life. If a child is unspoiled by our old ways and hurtful interferences, trying to make it appear as we think it ought, rather than letting it be the beauty and joy of nature it is, it will give us a sense of life as it lives in the divine heart, full, sweet, simple, lost in its own joy. If we were less troubled about morality, we would be more moral. If we did not seek happiness, it would lie discovered in our own breasts. If disquieting, torturing theology would let us alone, religion would be in all our ways as fragrance is in all the violets; would be as natural as spring melting into the heart of the tree and gentling forth into leaves and blossoms. If instead of doing this or that from fashion, because certain worldly esteem is given to who does it, if we did not enter into this life's duties for the money or fame there is in it, if we did just what by nature we are fitted to do, how our tasks would sing to our hearts and our hearts sing to our tasks, and how rich the world would be in service, creative joy in every deed; how our present great wrongs would be smiled out as the spring suns out the winter wastes and clothes the barrenness with life's great glory, the tender green that makes the summer's full. It is in selfish, greedy society that murder ripens its wicked fruit. It is in an over-wearied, self-conscious civilization that suicide hangs its baleful fruit from a thousand trees. It is for lack of quiet, natural joy that insane asylums crowd full of wrecked and weary men. Hardy, in his *Jude the Obscure*, has hardly exaggerated the truth about wearied self-consciousness, except as the art touch interpreting may be so accused, in making the unwelcome boy Jude, say "I ought not to be born, ought I?"—a brooding melancholy boy, old without childhood in the weary self-consciousness of our age. When the trouble deepened, realizing that it was the children who made the great burden, and another one coming, he hung the two little ones and then himself, and left a bit of paper saying: "Done because we are too many." Overburden life with such self-consciousness, childhood with a thought beyond his years, as we say, and it is disastrous. Our system of education, so far as it overstrains, is at fault. It does not make the best men and women, if it crowds joy out of the life that weariness may come in. Power will ripen in full and joyous life. It will dwarf in crowded and weary life. Some of the greatest men, the best helpers in the world, have come without the schools, or in spite of them, not by

their help, and for the reason that Froebel is not yet king everywhere.

All which is a preacher's wandering from starting out to say that the birds will be your friends by indirection. You will be companioned of them as they live their simple, joyous life. Something like your friends that are your books, they will await on your mood, will never intrude upon you, will never burden you to entertain them. You, indeed, will have to search them out and often assiduously seek their acquaintance. While the friendship of the birds so comes by indirection, and we must enjoy them as we do the flowers or the sky, yet they have, perhaps, some sense of friendship with man. Many of them seek his haunts, love his trees and vines and orchards. You will not need to journey afar, just among your own bushes and in your own tree-tops. And you will need to carry no gun nor commit the wickedness of fratricide. Just as you take your opera glasses to bring the human singer near, so you can bring near this singer of the air. That is the Christian way of studying birds. It yields you joy without slaying the joy of your little brother and darkening your heart out of the light of the Kingdom of Heaven. They will come to you on your own trees, and sing to you as you sit at your windows or in your doors. "The Birds' Calendar" is a book written about birds observed in the Central Park of New York City, over 637 birds seen, almost all of them in that part of the park called "The Ramble."

Some weeks ago I had just sown some grass seed. A chipping sparrow accepted it as sown for him. For the loss of the seed I would as soon have thought of chasing him, as to throw a stone at an opera singer because I had paid a dollar to hear her sing. It was a rare joy to have it eat my seeds, and sing for its supper as no Dan Tucker ever sang. Later it will save the green things from the scourge of the worms, and sing, if not so sweetly, yet sing at its tasks of keeping the earth from a great blight.

It is a very sane and purifying joy, I think, this study of birds through an opera glass. Get the little field book by John B. Gant, "Our Common Birds, and How to Know Them," that, with your opera glasses, is all the outfit you need. In a little while of patient search you will find your life enriched with the definite birds and their songs, even as the world enriches out of a general people into your people, into the friends of your acquaintance and your love.

I wish I might have time to tell you of some of the friends you will make; the robin, everybody's friend, singing like a happy school boy by the homeward way; the oriole with gracious music, flashing across your vision as if a brook of fire murmured on its summer shores; the song sparrow, a Quaker singer, singing the beauties of the inner light, making you realize the presence of God as no solemn silence can. He is here early and stays late, and will sing for you in the fervid noontide heats, turning the very tangled skeins of rain into bubbling, rejoicing springs of melody; "The bluebird, shifting his light load of song from post to post along the cheerless fence," a symbol of a true and happy life, a mingling of earth and Heaven, for as Thoreau reminds us on his breast is the dull of the earth, on his back and wings the blue of the sky; the indigo bunting, blue as bluest skies, on some far limb pouring his soul out in enrapturing strains; the brown thrush, a graceful, beautiful bird, flitting in swift coyness among the bushes, or upon the topmost limb of some oak, singing as perhaps you never before heard bird sing; and, then, some rare day, not for his song, but his dress, the scarlet tanager bursting upon you in a rhapsody of scarlet, as if a bit of the sunset had broken out into wings. I think since last spring a pair visited me for half a day in my oak, life has had a special joy of remembrance which I would not want to exchange for gold. And others, not now to be named, fine of form, graceful in motion, sweet of voice, of all the beautiful colors, beauty and joy for your eye and ear and memory. Get acquainted with these brothers and sisters of yours; get acquainted with them at my word, and you will be as grateful to me as if I had introduced to

you a beautiful and noble woman of whose acquaintance you would be always proud, and for it be always some nobler man; or, as if I called your attention to some book which would be to you a beauty and joy forever, like the old marbles Keats sings.

If so you learn to know and love the birds; if so the children learn to know and love them, then my word about our ethical relation to our brothers and sisters of the air will take care of itself. For we have ethical relations to the birds. They serve us in many ways. One of these ways Longfellow has celebrated in his "Birds of Killingsworth," how a false greed slaughtered all the birds, as of old the selfish Herod slaughtered the innocents. And then came the scourge of the worms until the country was desolate. Without these little helpers man could not grow his harvests, and God could not keep the country fair and fruitful. And so the people repented and were glad to welcome the birds that the schoolmaster, who had warned and intreated them, brought to the desolate country and set free to do their work of blessing. "The laborer is worthy of his hire" is just as true of these singing evangelists of toil, as it was of the seventy Jesus sent forth to preach his gospel. For the work they do, without which much of the work of farmhands would go for naught, the birds are entitled to kind treatment, to their fare, and to their lives. They ought to be loved and thought about as in the far Norway, where each farm has its sheaf of grain kept aloft for the birds when the snows of the winter are cold and heavy upon the land. How much they do for the world in general as well as the farmer in particular, it is hard to say. They are the guardians of our forests to which we owe incalculable debt. These they preserve from the destroying worm, from the pestilence of insects. I wish they could save them from the greed of man.

Then the joy they afford; unto how much are we not indebted to them for this? We pour out treasure for art and music. Beauty claims much from our coffers. But what beauty above these, our brothers and sisters, consecrating the winds with the beauty and joy of themselves! They fellowship us in life. Life sacred in us should be sacred in them; sacred in them for their service to us, for the general joy and holiness of life. To take life wantonly is to wrong and debase the life that is within us.

He who does not, for its own sake, honor life where he finds it, is not as holy in heart as he ought to be. I respect life in everything. Each thing has from us a right to itself, and the sanctity of itself we should never thoughtlessly or cruelly invade. Even the serpent I honor for its mysterious and sacred personality, and I turn aside from doing it any hurt. I think something like this is the meaning of Jesus, when he says that not even a sparrow falls to the ground without our father and its father. God must, and I am sure does, respect the individual life of the individual things he has made. I cannot see it always, because I see but a little strip of the immeasurable sweep of life, and by my little can not judge the infinite whole. If we could see the other side of death, our mysteries would clear, and we could see the justice of a loving kindness and tender mercy prevail, I am sure. But, since we do not see it, because we do not see it, all living things should be held by us in a wise respect for their rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

I cannot understand the joy of a man who can go forth in cold blood and commit fratricide in the marshes and fields all the day, and bring the pathetic spoils home in triumph, when one would think the very night shadows would be rebuking him for robbing the day of so much sunny and sacred life. I think such men must lose something of fineness and holiness out of them, their capacity for joy somehow abased, the diviner notes of their natures unable to sing the excellent hymns of loving kindness and tender mercy. Of the richness of life moving in love, they cannot be so sure when the joys of the day are stained out with murder.

I have tried it; but the first bit of quivering, dying game sent tides of regret upon my soul, and made me turn from

my cruel sport with remorse, the blush of a noble shame burning its fires in my face. The very sacredness of life in me wept out to plead the sacredness of life in my little brothers of the air. Whatever death may be in the heart of the Father of life experiencing it in all his creation, I dare not from the range of my horizon make the Father of the birds experience death for my own low pleasure. It is a shame that so many of the beautiful wild things have been wiped from the face of the earth by this wantonness of man.

And then, fashion robs the birds of life to make its holiday. Men were once slaughtered to make a holiday for imperial Cæsar and Roman populace. Now it is birds. When we grow more Christ-like, even as many of the Hindoos have grown Buddhalike, we will refuse to have a gaudy decoration at the expense of life, will refuse to have the vile pleasure of murder at the expense of moaning pigeons. To decorate a woman's hat, some of the finest species of birds have and are being extinguished. In some of the warmer countries, it pays the plowman to sell his plow and oxen, and buy a gun with which to slaughter birds for the millinery market; the birds that sang to him, helping him grow his harvest. The Audubon Society, with headquarters in Boston, has for its object "to discourage buying and wearing for ornamental purposes the feathers of any wild bird, and to otherwise further the protection of our native birds." Chapman, in his book on "Birds of Eastern North America," tells us of the snowy heron, that "The curse of beauty has numbered the days of this, the most dainty and graceful of herons. Twenty years ago it was abundant in the South. Now it is the rarest of its family. The delicate aigrettes which it donned as its nuptial dress were its death warrant. Women demanded from the bird its wedding plumes, and man supplied the demand.

The Florida herons have gone, and now he is pursuing the helpless birds to the uttermost parts of the earth. Mercilessly they are shot down at their roosts or nesting grounds; the coveted feathers are stripped from their backs, the carcasses are left to rot, while the young in the nest above are starving."

What an indictment of the sham worship of beauty which is willing to decorate pride at the cost of life and love!

Hear one of our own gentle-hearted singers make his protest, as though he would sing to women and win from them the mercy that will allow the blessed birds to sing on, unmurdered for fashion's vain and wicked show.

His poem is called "The Halo." As a preface he quotes this news: "One London dealer in birds received, when the fashion was at its height, a single consignment of thirty-two thousand dead humming birds; and another received at one time thirty thousand aquatic birds, and three hundred-thousand pairs of wings."

"Think what a price to pay,
Faces so bright and gay,
Just for a hat!
Flowers unvisited, mornings unsung,
Sea-ranges bare of the wings that o'erswung,—
Bared just for that!

"Think of the others, too,
Others and *mothers*, too,
Bright-eyes in hat!
Hear you no mother-groan floating in air,
Hear you no little moan,—birdlings' despair,—
Somewhere, for that.

"Caught 'mid some mother-work,
Torn by a hunter Turk,
Just for your hat!
Plenty of mother-heart yet in the world;
All the more wings to tear, carefully twirled!
Women want that!

"Oh, but the shame of it,
Oh, but the blame of it,—
Price of a hat!
Just for the jauntiness brightening the street!
This is your halo, O faces so sweet,—
Death; and for that!"

We have ethical relations to our little brothers of the air. They minister unto us of their beauty and joy. They make us in love with life. They serve us awakening gratitude. We have them in our power of life and death, and by that much they ask of us justice, we are exalted or debased as we accord it to them. Our conduct toward the birds is moral, and, according as it is, we are ennobled by the fulfilling of the relationship. None of us can tell how much the birds have enriched us in essential human qualities. How they have passed into our souls as abiding power, having been fleeting emotion, we cannot say. The humane has been awakened by many a mother teaching her children to love the birds. I remember now a wood-cut; how deep the impression, I do not know, it made on my childish heart; I am sure it made me kinder, and perhaps made it impossible for me to be a hunter. It was a couple of little children bringing a dead bird to the mother. The face of the oldest was averted in sorrow and shame, as though having slain the bird-love he could not look at the mother-love, the face of the mother full of gentle sorrow. Even the picture was for me an ethical ennoblement. How much more the reality of my relationship to the birds, demanding of me love, kindness, justice awakening remorse when these righteousnesses were violated. I am sure that bird-love opens as naturally into love of our human brothers as buds into their blossoms. Loving the little brothers of the air, we will increase in that gentleness that makes us great in all holy and Christ-like habit of heart toward the brothers of our own race.

It was not without some truth, however it might have been with the fact, that the Illinois farmers said that the thrushes did not sing for a year after Lincoln's death. All gentleness must somehow make one and the tender-hearted must be touched with a feeling more than kin. They perhaps remembered him, when riding the circuit with his fellow lawyer, turn back to find a bird fallen from its nest, and gently put it where the mother's breast might brood it yet.

"If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto its nest again,
I shall not live in vain."

We do have relationship with all that is good and beautiful, with all that is gentle and full of joy. What lies without us is there to fashion us. The awakening of a response within me to the creative thought without me is a part of my own creation. It is the fashioning presence of the Holy Spirit giving me an increase of divine life, helping me perfect in the image and likeness of God. I dare say that by his love of the flowers and the birds and far Galileean lakes and hills, Jesus was stirred in his inmost soul and by that grew in grace and in favor with God and man. To have listened with him to the song-sparrow, bubbling over with silver of joy, and felt his tender and holy emotions, were an education no school of Hillel or Cornell can give. I think that the creating, revealing God must have experienced some of his own highest joy in his work when, present in Jesus and in the sparrow, he, in the appreciation of Jesus, realized some fullness of the grace of his own great love, bestowing life and joy on his creation, fulfilling himself in unselfishness.

It is not without significance that Whitman makes the hermit thrush lament with him, in sad song, at the death of Lincoln.

"Solitary the thrush,
The hermit withdrawn to himself, avoiding the settlements,
Sings by himself a song.

Song of the bleeding throat,
Death's outlet song of life (for well, dear brother, I know
If thou wast not granted to sing thou wouldst surely die).

To the tally of my soul,
Loud and strong kept up the gray-brown bird,
With pure deliberate notes spreading, filling the night.

Sing on; sing on you gray-brown bird;
Sing from the swamps, the recesses; pour your chant
from the bushes,
Limitless out of the dusk, out of the cedars and pines.

Sing on, dearest brother; warble your reedy song,
Loud human song, with voice of uttermost woe."

Human songs, indeed, these birds sing, because they are a part of us. They are in all our moods. They partake of our sins and holiness. They voice our sorrows and our joys. Time is going by when we will speak of nature as apart from human nature. They are one, of one substance, fashioned by one everlasting love. And Paul was right in saying that the whole creation was groaning and travelling together in pain awaiting its redemption in man. True in profounder truth than he saw, we are at one with nature, abased and exalted together, together lost, together redeemed.

Whitman puts this relation with the birds for us in that powerful word "Out of the cradle endlessly rocking," a reminiscence of his boyhood, when listening to a mockingbird's lament for a lost mate, he was made a poet.

"Two feathered guests from Alabama, two together,
And their nests, and four light green eggs spotted with brown,

And every day the he-bird to and fro near at hand,
And every day the she-bird crouched on her nest, silent,
with bright eyes,

And every day, I, a curious boy, never too close, never disturbing them;

Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating."

Until the bird-wife goes and never returns, experiencing, perhaps, that which at sometime awaits us all with its holy and dreaded shadow; and then the bereft mate sings above the roar of the sea its lamentation, its cry for the return of the beloved of its broken heart. And then said the boy's soul:

"Is it indeed towards your mate you sing? Or is it really to me?

For I, that was a child, my tongue's use sleeping, now I have heard you,

Now in a moment I know what I am for; I awake,
And already a thousand singers, a thousand songs, clearer,
louder and more sorrowful than yours,

A thousand warbling echoes have started to life within me,
never to die.

O you singer, solitary singing by yourself, projecting me,
O solitary me listening, never more shall I cease perpetuating you,

Never more shall I escape, never more the reverberations,
Never more the cries of unsatisfied love be absent from me,
Never more leave me to be the peaceful child I was before
what there, in the night,

By the sea, under the yellow and sagging moon,
The messenger was aroused, the fire, the sweet hell within,
The unknown want, the destiny of me."

I am sure the birds project us, interpreting us, giving us meaning. I am sure the birds are projected into us, in us have their meaning and some dear eternity of noble life. Our love, our courage, our self-sacrifice is there. Their love, their courage, their self-sacrifice awakens answering realities in us, making us great. In them our souls are mirrored and revealed. A friend of mine looked out of his window one day and saw a cat stealthily nearing the nest where the little birds rested in helpless babyhood. The mother bird was flying about, making her outcries of fear and grief, darting at the cat, trying to defend her young. But nearer and nearer the cat got, when the brave mother flew right into the awful jaws, as if sacrificing herself to the safety of her brood. Brave and true in love. Occurring in our world we would celebrate it in story and song; we would perpetuate it in bronze and marble. Occurring there, it was no less tender and human, and no less full of a moving gentleness, making us great in essential humanity.

Is Longfellow wrong when he describes the parson who clamored for the death of the Killingsworth birds as

"A man austere,

The instinct of whose nature was to kill;

The wrath of God he preached from year to year,

And read, with fervor, Edwards on the Will;

His favorite pastime was to slay the deer,
In summer on some Adirondack hill;
E'en now while walking down the rural lane,
He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane?"

Calvin lived with the glorious scenery of the Alps about him; he lived under summer skies, with blossoms opening to the kisses of the sun, with birds enchanting the Genevan winds; but in all his voluminous works, there is no allusion to this life and beauty. Do we wonder at his pitiless philosophy, at his monstrous God, at his libelling the race in the interests of his cold-hearted theories? Do not trust anyone to teach you religion to whom all life is not sacred, who loves not flowers and birds and the little children. Than all the heartless, selfish learned, I would for Heaven rather follow Goldsmith's village parson, of whom he sang "And e'en the children plucked his gown to share the good man's smile;" would rather follow Jesus among the lilies and sparrows than any man who speaks of wrath and hate. Out of everlasting love creation came, and in that love is fulfilling, and the tender and loving only can lead us to our Father-mother God. Because of his love for all the living, Jesus became the Saviour, and forever the holiest remembrance of him is the picture of him walking among the flowers, listening to the birds, not one of which fell to the ground without his Father, and standing there beneath the bright blue skies with little children in his arms blessing and being blessed by them, while the lilies made the winds fragrant and the sparrows made them sweet with their songs.

"Think of our woods and orchards without birds!
Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams,
As in an idiot's brain, remembered words
Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of his dreams!"

Therefore let us cherish our little brothers and sisters of the air; let us reverence all life; let us cherish every kindness, for so we are ennobled, spiritualized, and made one with the divine love and righteousness that in the sparrow flies and sings, and with it droops in death, to spread, we trust, some truer, deathless wing upon the winds of some happier earth than this.

The Society for the Protection of Birds in England has just issued to the clergy 10,000 copies of a strong appeal against the wearing of birds and birds' feathers as dress ornaments. There are several good things in the sheet, among them being Canon Rawnsley's observation that "it is a travesty of religion, and a mockery, for women with heads decked with aigrettes to sing in the words of the *Benedicite*, 'O all ye fowls of the air, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him forever!'"—*Friend's Intelligencer and Journal*.

God's Answer.

With all my soul I prayed to God:
O Thou who lovest me,
Help me, I do beseech, implore,
Resigned to death to be.

My soul recoils with awe-struck fear;
Oh! teach me how to be
Courageous, for it is Thy will
That death should come to me.

In vain I cried unto my God
To take my fear away—
In vain I prayed unceasingly,
Till suddenly one day,

A radiant light burst through my soul,
A voice within me saith:
"I cannot make thee feel resigned;
My child, there is no death."

MARY PUTNAM GILMORE.

God made man alone;
And all that first grand morning walked he so.
Then was he strong and wise, till at the noon,
When tired with joyous wonder he lay prone
For rest and sleep; God let him know
The subtle sweetness that is bound in Two.
—E. R. Sill.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

Haste Not, Rest Not.

Without haste! Without rest!
Bind the motto to thy heart,
Bear it with thee as a spell,
Storm or sunshine, guard it well!
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,
Bear it onward to the tomb!

Haste not! Let no thoughtless deed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed!
Ponder well and know the right.
Onward, then, with all thy might!
Haste not! Years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not! Life is sweeping by!
Go and dare before you die.
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time!
Glorious 'tis to live for aye
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not! Rest not! Calmly wait;
Meekly bear the storm of fate;
Duty be thy polar guide—
Do the right whate'er betide!
Haste not! Rest not! Conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.
—Anonymous Translation From Goethe.

Correspondence.

CHURCH OF THE UNITY, ST. LOUIS.

To the Editor of THE NEW UNITY:

Having made so many kind references to our church since its misfortune through the tornado of May 27, will you please allow space for me to say to all interested readers that the contributions from churches and individual friends have already reached \$5,000, the estimated sum for the complete restoration of our building without and within? The work has been contracted for upon most favorable terms, both the architect and the builder belonging to our congregation, the first freely giving his service and the second underbidding by some \$400 the other contractors who figured with him upon the plans. The church will be ready for occupancy by October 1. All contributions have been individually acknowledged; but in this connection, in behalf of the Church of the Unity and its minister, I would like again to thank the contributors together for their quick and generous sympathy in restoring for us our church home when our own resources were temporarily so crippled by the widespread injury to the individual homes of the congregation.

July 31.

F. L. HOSMER.

MY DEAR NEW UNITY:—I looked into a barrel in my barn the other day and there were ten little white heads stuck out from under a black hen—just come out of "the other world"—the one *behind* us. They acted entirely at home; as if they had been here before. You know Father Alcott insisted we had all been here before—why not the chickens, too? When I threw in some bread crumbs they ate it as if it was nothing new to them—not one agnostic among them. But the next day, when placed in the yard in a coop, they no sooner got out of sight of the old hen than they set up a cry, and took to their heels, crying agnostic! agnostic! agnostic! Perhaps agnostic is a *relative* term. The same chicken can be a brave materialist and a praying spiritualist it seems—for I take it those chicken cries were only chicken prayers. So, so, what's the use of controversy? I have no time for it. Let us "hide under the wings of the almighty;" or cackle and crow on a wood-pile—we are all right if honest—and the one who cackles will come in some day when it rains. The world before and the world behind don't seem to care much for our philosophies.

E. P. P.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Those are divine who act wisely, because wisdom is God.

MON.—There exists nothing in which is not a hidden principle of life.

TUES.—If we were conscious of the power of God in ourselves we should never fail.

WED.—God only desires the heart and not the ceremonies.

THURS.—Nature is the universal teacher.

FRI.—Only when man realizes the presence of God in him will he begin his infinite life.

SAT.—The true baptism is the baptism of fire, the growth into the spirit of wisdom, the victory of the spirit over the animal nature of man.

—Robert Browning.

Inspiration.

It breathes about us in the air,
The robins chirp it everywhere,
The silent snowflakes find a voice,
The summer breezes bid rejoice.
And storied page of prophet old,
And deed of hero, stark and bold.
Nay, soul to soul dear God would tell
The whispered secret miracle,
But foolish man estops his ear.
Great God would speak—man will not hear.

—D. L. Maulsby.

Louis' Visit to the Louvre.

"Where is Louis?" asked Mrs. Gray.

Her husband turned from the beautiful statue of Venus de Milo, which he had been admiring, to his wife. He looked startled as he answered, "I thought that you had him by the hand."

"No," gasped Mrs. Gray. "Oh, dear! where can he have gone? He must be lost, and in such a crowd as this we may never find him, and —"

Just then a fat gentleman stepped heavily upon her foot, and she forgot what she was going to say, and began wringing her hands instead.

"Come, come, he can't be far off!" said Mr. Gray, trying to console his wife, though he was really very much troubled himself. Mrs. Gray took hold of his arm, and they pushed their way through the crowd.

They took no notice of the beautiful statuary and works of art that were everywhere to be seen in the Gallery of the Louvre, but hurried along with anxious faces, hunting for a boy who was neither a work of art nor a curiosity; but who, in spite of his freckles and pug nose, was worth more to Mr. and Mrs. Gray than all the beautiful contents of the Louvre put together.

They hurried through gallery after gallery, asking everyone they met if they had seen a little boy. Of course everyone had seen a great many little boys, but did not know whose little boys they were. Finally Mr. Gray went to one of the attendants and inquired the best thing to do.

"I no understand you," replied the man in broken English.

Then Mrs. Gray asked him in French.

"Ah, madame!" he answered, "you must go to the office; everybody who finds anything gives it up there. So if your small boy is found you will probably find him there. Why, one day we had handed in twenty-five pocket-books, several dozen handkerchiefs, and I don't know how many other things."

"Yes," interrupted Mrs. Gray; "but did you ever hear of handing in boys there?"

"Ah! I don't know; I never heard of any," he answered,

shrugging his shoulders as he walked away.

They went to the office as directed, but were there told that no boy had been found answering their description.

"There are five boys in the waiting-room now," the attendant replied, "and you might go and look at them."

Mr. and Mrs. Gray followed the clerk into the room. There were five little boys to be "left until called for." Mrs. Gray looked them all over, hoping Louis might be there. Her eyes filled with tears as she turned away disappointed. It was getting late, and the Louvre was quite empty; so they were not pushed about from one side to the other as they had been, but walked through the galleries almost alone.

"Louis!" cried Mrs. Gray, suddenly.

A small boy who was standing before a curiosity cabinet turned around. Mrs. Gray rushed up to him and clasped him in her arms.

"Oh, mamma!" he said, struggling away from her as he ran back to the cabinet where they had found him. "Oh, mamma, look!" His mother and father followed him.

"Oh, papa! whose sword do you think that was?" said Louis.

"I don't know," said his father, smiling.

"It belonged to the great Napoleon," continued Louis. "And, mamma, there is his snuff-box!" He pointed to a small jeweled box, ornamented on the top with the imperial coat-of-arms.

"But, Louis, where have you been all this time?" asked his mother. The boy looked up at her while a puzzled expression came over his face.

"Why, mamma, I have been right here where you left me all the time."

His mother turned around to look for the statue, and, to her surprise, it was just before her. Mr. Gray commenced to laugh as he said,—

"Why, we were the lost ones instead of Louis!"

While Mr. and Mrs. Gray were hunting for their lost son, he had been listening to the attendant's interesting story of the sword of the great Napoleon.

ROBERT M. LEONARD (fourteen years old).

[In the Church of the Messiah Sunday School, New York City, a lady, Miss Mary P. Robinson, offered a prize to the younger pupils for the best story to be published in *Every Other Sunday*. The aim of this offer was to create deeper interest in the Sunday school, and in the Unitarian Sunday-School Society. The prize was won by the writer of the above story.]

A Word to Boys.

You are made to be kind, boys, generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a club-foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part in the game that doesn't require running. If there is a hungry one give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him get his lesson. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is than to have a great fuss.—*Horace Mann*.

A pretty story comes to the *Listener* about a little boy whose elder sister is much interested in photography, and who gives the family the benefit of many observations about her work. The little boy was taken to the courthouse to see the end of a certain trial. He came home and told his mother about it.

"The judge made a speech to the jury," he said, "and then sent them into a little dark room to develop."—*Boston Transcript*.

Books and Authors.

Rome.*

It is something new for Zola to attain to a first rate English publisher and to an authorized translation. The Macmillan Company has made a very attractive edition, but that the translation is admirable we find it difficult to believe, it is often so rhetorical. The translator has furnished various notes, some of which will, we fancy, make M. Zola "smile a kind of sickly smile." The worst instance is where Zola represents Leo XIII as snaring little birds for his amusement in the Vatican gardens. Dull to the satire of M. Zola, Mr. Vizetelly takes him seriously and makes a note of reprobation on the Pope's way of amusing himself.

In "Rome" M. Zola takes up the parable of "Lourdes" and carries it a step further. Pierre, the young priest, who is so interesting and fascinating in "Lourdes," whom even the sudden recovery of his dearest friend leaves unconvinced of miracles, reappears in "Rome" as the author of a book, "New Rome," which has been denounced to the Congregation of the Index. It pleads with Leo XIII to lead the way to primitive Christianity and abjure his temporal power. Pierre goes from one cardinal or other dignitary to another pleading that his book may not be condemned and finally he gets access to the Pope. But it is all in vain. There are many fine words but they butter no concessions to his revolutionary ideas. Pierre makes his submission and reprobates his book. But this means one thing to the Pope and another thing to Pierre. To Pierre it means the utter folly of imagining that Rome could ever be brought into harmony with science or a real Christianity.

The book is certainly a powerful one. Its *molif* is the contrast between the idealism of Pierre and the crass materialism of the Roman court. There are passages of imposing strength and beauty describing the monuments and ruins of the city, the great pageants of the Papacy, the associations that cluster around the ruined temples and the crumbling basilicas. At times the style is turgid, but this is probably the fault of the translation to a considerable extent. There are pages of Baedeker "touched with emotion." Secular Rome is sternly dealt with for its crazy wild-cat speculations. The various passages descriptive of the Pope are full of interest, however trustworthy or otherwise. Those relating to his personal appearance are not, we imagine, much out of true. The papal court is depicted a nest of base intrigue. Those who have read Purcell's "Life of Cardinal Manning" will be well prepared to believe much of the worst that is here written, if not all. But one craves something more definite than M. Zola has given in exposition of the new order of belief and life. Concerning this he is extremely vague. And whatever realistic elements his book contains, it is essentially a romance. The sensuousness, not to say sensuality, of his mind is continually breaking out. It does so at one point with offensive grossness, violating not only the canons of decency, but those of probability. It should be said in conclusion that "Rome" is the second novel of a trilogy, of which "Lourdes" was the first. "Paris" will be the third. There let us hope that Pierre will recover something of the fascination that he had in "Lourdes," but which we miss in "Rome," and that M. Zola will give us some clearer notion of the things, if there be any such, that can cure, or even partially alleviate, the dreadful sickness of our time.

J. W. C.

Robert Burns.

Two books stand before me dressed in green and gold. On the back of each beside the name of the publishers, Longmans, Green & Co., New York, are the wonderful combination Robert Burns and William Wallace. What a combination of names dear to Scotland and to all the world! Now, should some Robert Burns write the history of William Wallace. Back in my boyhood I was lifted out of

*Rome, by Emile Zola, author of "Lourdes," "La Débâcle," etc. Sole Authorized Version in the English language, translated by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. Two volumes. New York: Macmillan Co. Cloth, 12 mo., \$2.

myself by a tragedy on Wallace, written, it must have been, by L. E. L. Then soon after I got a taste of Walter Scott, and sat under the lilac bushes all day reading *The Lady of the Lake* and *Marmion*. A little later Burns found his way into our house and into my soul. The other day out in the fruit gardens I heard one of my boys chime out to another—

"Ah, wud some power the gift to gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us."

So it comes about that Burns once let into a household never goes out. Is there ever to be a stay to this annual tide of new books that take so much of our time and crowd so upon the better old ones? But whether the tide ebb or flow one thing is sure, Burns will never be less a favorite than to-day. This edition is by all odds the best ever issued. It is a history of the poet with each poem set in its appropriate place. It is based on the famous work of Dr. Robert Chambers, but edited anew with admirable care and skill by Professor Wallace. Many poems of Burns and much material of his life have been discovered since Chambers wrote nearly fifty years ago. Indeed, Dr. Chambers himself left much unedited accumulation. This is now incorporated in the new edition; and we have very nearly a perfect, as well as complete "Life and Works" of the best word poet in the world. It was a happy thought of Dr. Chambers to write a life of the poet of the plow and set each poem in at its blossoming place. "The writings of Burns—his poems, songs and letters—are most of them so expressly the coinage of his immediate experiences and feelings that his life might be read in them alone. It occurred to me that if the various compositions were strung in strict chronological order upon the memoir they might be made to render up the whole light which they are qualified to throw upon the life and mental progress of Burns." The make-up of the books is as good as the editing. A good publisher is not appreciated as he should be.

E. P. F.

Some August Magazines.

St. Nicholas.—Martha Nelson Yenowine gives her "Recollections of Eugene Field," another contribution to the many beautiful memories his friends hold of this gentle poet, the lover of little children and the protector of all things weak and helpless. Seven poems by Margaret Frances Mauro are remarkable productions for a child of twelve years. They show poetic fancy and delicate feeling, and prophesy a future for the young poetess.

The Atlantic Monthly contains the first installment of another of Mrs. Catherwood's charming tales, "The Spirit of an Illinois Town." "Days with Mrs. Stowe" is a timely contribution from the pen of Annie Fields to what is already known of the life of Dr. Lyman Beecher's illustrious daughter. In "The Future of American Colleges and Universities" D. C. Gilman deals with the actual problems of the higher education he pleads for provision being made for the common life of colleges and universities, without which much of their charm and inspiration is lost. The "Letters of D. G. Rossetti," by George Birkbeck Hill, are concluded in this number.

The Century.—The midsummer number appears in a special dress and is just what a holiday number ought to be. It contains four admirable short stories, one a tale of a holiday trip in the Maine woods, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, written in his ever charming style, and "A Day in Tophet," by Marion Manville Pope, a story of the pathos, disappointment and tragedy of pioneer life.

The Journal of Hygiene.—Full of practical common sense from cover to cover. "A Vegetarian's Bill of Fare for August" is headed with such an apt quotation from Shakespeare that we pass it along as a valuable prescription for many invalids: "Ask God for temperance; that's the only appliance which your disease requires."

The Bookman.—We linger at the Table of Contents, so filled is it with things that we want to read that the problem is which to select first. Mrs. Lynn Linton tells about "George Henry Lewes and Thornton Hunt." "Renounce-

ment," a sonnet, by Alice Meynell, on page 519, was pronounced by Rossetti, who knew it by heart, one of the three finest sonnets ever written by women. Mrs. Meynell's work on criticism is reviewed by Edmund K. Chambers elsewhere in this number. The literary notes and book reviews are as valuable as ever.

Littell's Living Age greets us with the homely face of an old friend, but we know just what to expect and we are never disappointed. The best things are culled from widely differing sources and presented in most available form.

Notes and Comment.

The Morse Company announces as in preparation, a romance entitled "Bushy," by Cynthia M. Westover, journalist. The scene is laid in the Rocky Mountains, and the heroine is a young girl, who has since become famous in music and literature in New York.

Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co. announce that Mrs. Burton Harrison will edit the new edition of Mrs. Martha J. Lamb's "History of the City of New York," and will add a chapter on the "Externals of the Modern City," taking up the narrative where Mrs. Lamb left off and bringing it down to date.

August 12 Messrs. Copeland & Day published *Cinder-Path Tales*, by William Lindsey, with cover design by John Sloan. Besides being a successful man of business and a writer of books, Mr. Lindsey is an all-round athlete, and the captain of a cricket team. His friends vouch for the bookish excellence, and his club-mates for the athletic flavor of his "Cinder-Path Tales."

The Century Company promises a novel by Dr. Weir Mitchell, to be entitled *Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker*, to begin in the November *Century*. The scene is laid in Philadelphia, before and during the Revolutionary War, and among the characters are Washington, Franklin, Lafayette, Benedict Arnold and Major André. The hero of the story serves on General Washington's staff.

At the recent sale of a portion of Wordsworth's library in London, a copy of Keats' *Poems*, 1817, in unopened condition, and inscribed "To W. Wordsworth, with the author's sincere reverence," brought \$230. The lucky purchaser is said to be Mr. F. Holland Day, of Copeland & Day, Boston, who, in 1889, put on foot the movement to erect a memorial to Keats by contributions from Americans. This memorial took the form of a portrait-bust by Miss Annie Whitney, which was unveiled in the Parish Church at Hampstead several years ago.

We quote from the August *Bookman* the following: "The Scene of 'Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush' has already become a literary shrine. In the vestry of Logiealmond (Drumtochty) Free Church there now lies a 'Visitor's Book,' and a correspondent finds that fifty had signed it during the month of May from places so far apart as Belfast, Leeds, Edinburgh, Australia, Cape Colony and America. The fact that so many admirers of Ian Maclaren had found their way to the place thus early in the summer gives some indication of the numbers that may be expected when the tourist's season has fully begun."

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have sent out an advance announcement of an unusually attractive list of fall books. There are 130 volumes in the list, including a new Riverside Edition of Mrs. Stowe's Works in 16 volumes, and a new standard library edition of Bret Harte in 14. New editions of Fiske's "American Revolution" and Thoreau's "Cape Cod" are promised. And there will be new books by Dr. Lyman Abbott, John Burroughs, Mrs. James T. Fields, Joel Chandler Harris, George Birkbeck Hill, Henry James, Sarah Orne Jewett, Harriet Monroe, Nora Perry, and many others. The outlook for an active season in the publishing business is very promising if the Messrs. Houghtons advance list is to be taken as a criterion.

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The Liberal Field.

*"The World is my Country; To do
good is my Religion."*

Invocation.

TRANSPPOSITION OF THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father, who in Heaven art;
All hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done
On earth in Heaven the same;
Wilt Thou this night, fair pearls of light,
Drop deep within each soul,
And with life's wine, Thy love divine,
Fill up each golden bowl;
From out of evil's paths, Oh God!
Lead Thou our sinking feet,
Forgive and teach us thus, Oh Lord!
That to forgive is sweet;
And Thine the kingdom, Thine the power
Shall heralded be to worlds afar,
And chanted by angelic choir,
Whose echoes sing, from star to star,
While thus on earth, life's waves we stem.
Hear this, our prayer, Oh God! Amen.

ABBIE A. GOULD.

Louisville, Ky., 1872.

Sudden Light.

I have been here before,
But when or how I cannot tell;
I know the grass beyond the door,
The sweet keen smell,
The sighing sound, the lights around the
shore.

You have been mine before—
How long ago I may not know;
But just when at that swallow's soar
Your neck turn'd so,
Some veil did fall—I knew it all of yore.

Had this been thus before?
And shall not thus time's eddying flight
Still with our lives our love restore
In death's despite,
And day and night yield one delight once
more?

—Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

THE FRIENDS.—Programs of the conferences to be held at Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania, from the 19th to 26th instant, are printed in the *Friends' Intelligencer and Journal*. Education, philanthropy and religion are the principal divisions under which the work of the conference will fall. The Young Friends' Association have a

special day assigned them. The papers and deliberations promise to be both interesting and helpful.

PERSONAL.—Rev. Mr. Mercer of Chicago writes to the *New Church Messenger* that his lectures at Chautauqua have been well and cordially received, many of his hearers remaining after the lectures to ask earnest and intelligent questions. * * * Baroness Hirsch has added \$20,000,000 to the princely gifts of her late husband, for the emigration of indigent Jews from Russia and the Argentine Republic. * * * Rev. John Henry Barrows expects to arrive in India December 15 and to give three months to his missionary addresses there.

UNITARIAN.—There will be an Unitarian conference held at Budapest, September 6-8. Several English Unitarian delegates will be present and America will be represented by Rev. C. Theodore Williams of New York.

ANDOVER, N. H.—The fall term of Proctor Academy begins Monday, September 7. The Young People's Religious Union maintains its services during the summer with satisfaction and success.

Persons in attendance at the meetings at Wells report a successful week at that summer rendezvous of Unitarians and other denominations and societies.

ANTIOCH COLLEGE, OHIO.—The Summer Normal School, under the auspices of this college, was closed on the 30th ult. It is reported to have been a very successful one, and the outlook for the fall term is reported as never better.

Don't.

Don't complain
About the weather
For easier 'tis, you'll find,
To make your mind to weather
Than weather to your mind.

Don't complain
About "the sermon,"
And show your lack of wit,
For, like a boot, a sermon hurts
The closer it doth fit.

Don't complain
About your neighbor;
For in your neighbor's view
His neighbor is not faultless—
That neighbor being you.

—Selected.

"Though the World Blame Thee."

Though the world blame thee, thou art
not to blame;
Though the world praise thee, hearken
not at all.
In thine own heart is the reward or
shame,
In thine own heart the victory or the
fall.

What others think of thee stay not to
ask—

Rather than please the many, serve the
few:

Knowing that life's most glorious regal
task

Is never quite too hard for thee to do.
Academy.

—Arthur L. Salmon.

An untamed swallow which had its nest in a farm near Chetwynd, in Shropshire, was caught and taken in a cage to London, where it was released. It returned to its nest in eighty minutes, having accomplished a distance of 145 miles at the rate of nearly two miles a minute.

Books Received.

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK.

The Story of a Piece of Coal, What It Is, Whence It Comes and Whither It Goes. By Edward A. Martin, F. G. S. Illustrated, cloth, 168 pages.

The Monetary and Banking Problem. By Logan G. McPherson. Cloth, 135 pages, \$1.

A. C. McCLURG & Co.

GINN & COMPANY, BOSTON.

Frye's Home and School Atlas. Cloth, \$1.15.

LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON.

Blind Leaders of the Blind. A Romance of a Blind Lawyer. By James R. Cocke, M. D. Cloth, 487 pages, 8 Vol., \$1.25.

A. C. McCLURG & Co.

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO.

Lovers Three Thousand Years Ago, As Indicated by the Song of Solomon. By Rev. T. A. Goodwin, D. D. Paper, 41 pages, 15 cents.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK.

The Babe, B. A. By Edward F. Benson. Cloth, 310 pages, \$1.

A. C. McCLURG & Co.

ERNEST E. RUSSELL, NEW YORK.

The Reason Why. A Story of Fact and Fiction. By Ernest E. Russell. Cloth, 365 pages, \$1.

SILVER, BURDETT & CO., BOSTON.

Syria from the Saddle. By Albert Payson Terhune. Cloth, 318 pages.

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Acknowledgments.

THE HELEN HEATH FRESH AIR FUND.

To secure a fortnight's country outing to over-worked women and girls upon whose strength depends not only their own but others' support, seven dollars pays the expenses of one woman, ten dollars of one woman and child.

Previously acknowledged.....\$125.15
Mrs. G. F. Shears..... 5.00
Total.....\$130.15

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Unitarian Church and Woman's Alliance, Plymouth, Mass.....	35 00
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A few English friends and Rev. Brooke Herford, London, Eng.....	107 00
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Old and New.

New Every Morning.

Every day is a fresh beginning:
Every morn is a world made new.
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you,
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over.
The tasks are done, and the tears are shed.
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;
Yesterday's wounds which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight,
With glad days and sad days and bad days,
Which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
Their fullness of sunshine nor sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot recall them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone.
God in His mercy, forgive them!
Only the new days are our own.
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly;
Here is the spent earth all re-born;
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
To face the sun and share with the morn
In the chrism of dew and the cool of the dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning.
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again!
—Exchange.

Religion has been ever the same, since the first man, theology only has changed, for it has had to supply corporeal Christ to Mary Magdalenes; it has had to put into words what can never be completely and finally expressed, the goodness of God. We feel that in reading of Job and Solomon and David and John the Baptist and Paul and Simeon Stylites and Savonarola, and Wesley and George Fox, there is a fellowship of soul and a commonness of belief among them. They all had different mediations between sin and forgiveness to adjust, but they all did it with one power. Simeon's pillars of torment and Fox's thee and thou have a common purpose, and draw the men together, and we here to-day in our plain walls are glad of our kinship with those, our stained-glass brethren. We, too, believe in the forgiveness of sins. We have our needs and we are not altogether spiritual. We have our pride and we should guard it that it be the pride of our high obligations.

Our alabaster box of precious ointment is our love, and we should pour it out so lavishly that its odor shall fill the world, and even the Pharisee, knowing, shall forgive.—William E. Walter, *Friend's Intelligencer and Journal*.

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A MOUNTAIN WOMAN.

By Elia W. Peattie. With cover design by Bruce Rogers. Cloth, gilt top, \$1.25.

We wish to call most particular attention to a collection of short Western stories by Mrs. Peattie, entitled "A Mountain Woman." The book contains several of the best tales of Western life ever written. The Nebraska stories throw so true a light upon recent conditions in the sub-arid belt that they explain, better than any political speeches or argument could do, the reasons why men in that part of the country are advocating free silver.

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I heard them in their sadness say:
 "The earth rebukes the thought of God;
 We are but embers wrapped in clay,
 A little nobler than the sod."
 But I have touched the lips of clay:
 Mother, thy rudest sod to me
 Is thrilled with fire of hidden clay,
 And haunted by all mystery.

You have all got into the habit of calling the church "the house of God." I have seen, over the doors of many churches, the legend actually carved, "This is the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." Now, note where that legend comes from, and of what place it was first spoken. A boy leaves his father's house to go on a long journey on foot, to visit his uncle; he has to cross a wild hill-desert; just as if one of your boys had to cross the wolds of West Moreland, to visit an uncle at Carlisle. The second or third day your boy finds himself somewhere between Henses and Brough, in the midst of the Moors, at sunset. It is stony ground, and boggy; he cannot go one foot farther that night. Down he lies to sleep, on Wharnside, where best he may, gathering a few of the stones together to put under his head; so wild the place is, he can get nothing but stones. And there lying under the broad night, he has a dream; and he sees a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reaches to heaven, and the angels of God are ascending and descending upon it. And when he wakes out of his sleep, he says: "How dreadful is this place; surely, this is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." This PLACE, observe; not this church; not this city; not this stone, even, which he puts up for a memorial—the piece of flint on which his head has lain. But this place; this windy slope of Wharnside; this moorland hollow, torrent-bitten, snow-blighted; thus any place where God lets down the ladder. And how are you to know where it will be? Or how are you to determine where it may be, but by being ready for it always? Do you know where the lightning is to fall next? You do know that partly; you can guide the lightning; but you cannot guide the going forth of the Spirit, which is that lightning when it shines from the east to the west.—*Ruskin*.

Longing and Listening.

To stretch my hand and touch Him,
 Though he be far away;
 To raise my eyes and see him
 Through darkness as through day;
 To lift my voice and call him—
 This is to pray!

To feel a hand extended
 By One who standeth near,
 To view the love that shineth
 In eyes serene and clear;
 To know that he is calling—
 This is to hear.

—*Samuel W. Duffield*.

A dispatch from Geneva, N. Y., dated July 22, says:

"Prof. William R. Brooks, director of Smith Observatory, while observing the moon last night with the large telescope, made a most interesting and unique discovery. A dark round object was seen to pass rather slowly across the moon in a horizontal direction. Prof. Brooks believes that it was the passage of a dark meteor between the earth and the moon, far beyond the earth's atmosphere, so that it remained non-luminous. The observation is new in astronomical records."—*Scientific American*.

Be merciful, O God!
 Forgive the meanness of our human hearts
 That never till a noble soul departs,
 See half the worth, or hear the angel's wings
 Till they go rustling heavenward as he springs
 Up from the mounded sod.

—*E. R. Sill*.

A Summer Storm.

Swift and sudden the wind sweeps o'er
 The line of hills to the wave-kissed shore;
 Inky-black have the heavens grown,
 And the sand in eddying whirls is blown
 Along the beach, while the restless sea
 Is moaning low and plaintively.

Vivid the flash of living fire
 That gleams o'er the sky, while higher,
 higher
 The tide rolls shoreward; and now the rain
 In pitiless fury descends on the main,
 While the voice of thunder, resonant,
 grand,
 Is echoed by cliffs on either hand.

But look! as swiftly as they have come
 The cloud-armies flee, and the winds grow
 dumb
 White flags of truce are piling high
 O'er a smiling sea in a smiling sky;
 And over the waters, hanging low,
 Is shining a beautiful, glorious bow.

O Infinite Love! when the life-storms seem
 So fierce and strong, may we catch the
 gleam

Of the light that is shining in paradise,
 Till, lifting to Thee our heavy eyes,
 Thy smile shall transform the tears they
 hold

To a rainbow, spanning a sea of gold.

—*Mabelle P. Clapp*.

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